The Little Psychiatrist

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The Little Psychiatrist

by Aztec24

Summary

Hannibal Lecter has never had the chance to feel cared for in his life, Will changes that.

Notes

I found there is a startlingly little amount of Fan-fiction for Little Hannibal. So, I am doing my best to rectify that. Please, note this is the first fan-fiction I've written on this website. Therefore, if I am doing something wrong, please feel free to tell me.

Chapter 1

Hannibal and Will had been in a non-sexual age play relationship for six months now. Will smiled indulgently as he looked at his sleeping Little in the bed next to him. When he had come across the relationship online, he knew that it would help his murder husband. Hannibal had had to be in control and worried about everything for far too long. So, when he came across the age play practice, he knew he had to get Hannibal to at least try it. Though, Hannibal made it very difficult. He was absolutely adamant that he would hate it and that it would be a useless endeavor. However, when he finally got Hannibal to agree, he quickly fell in love. They both did. Hannibal got to, for once in his life, know what it felt like to be carefree and cared for in every way, and Will got to fulfill his need to look after somebody.

Will smiled gently at his little one and looked at the clock. It was ten in the morning. They didn't usually sleep so late, but they both had been very comfortable. He gently patted him on the back, knowing that if he got up without his boy, he would wake later and panic, thinking Will left him. "Hanni, we need to get up."

Hannibal slowly opened his eyes and whined softly, not wanting to get up. He tried to burrow further under the covers, but Will sat up and got out of bed, making him whimper. He didn't want Will to leave.

Will looked over at his baby, knowing right away he was going to be clingy today. He let a bit of his repressed southern drawl come out, knowing it was soothing for the other. "Shhh. It's okay, Darlin'. Daddy just needs to get you changed. Does my baby feel big enough to wear big boy pants?" He always gave Hannibal a choice in the morning of what type of underwear he wanted to wear, mostly so he could gauge around how little he was.

Hannibal bit his lip softly, blushing brightly. "Pull up?" Even though they had been doing this for months now, Hannibal still felt embarrassed when Will had to change him. He was slowly growing accustomed to it, knowing his partner did not mind it at all. In fact, Will seemed to enjoy their playing as much as he did.

Will smiled. "Alright, Honey. Let me just help you, okay?"

Hannibal nodded, burying his face in his stuffed stag. He was actually feeling very small, but didn't want Will to put him in a diaper, wanting to be a big boy.

"Is my little man feeling shy today?" Will cooed softly, quickly stripping Hannibal out of his diaper he wore to sleep in. He went and got a pull up, putting it quickly and efficiently on his boy. He tilted his head to the side. "Do you want to pick out what you're going to wear today?"

Hannibal slowly shook his head. "Daddy you do it, please?" He blinked up at Will.

Will nearly melted at the look. "Of course, baby." He quickly picked out some tan sweat pants with little clocks on them, and a black long sleeved shirt. "There we go. How about we go get some breakfast, hmm? Then, we can do whatever you'd like."

Hannibal's eyes widened in delight. "Anything I want, Daddy? Really?"

Will smiled and nodded. "Within reason, of course, love."

Hannibal grinned and went to run to the kitchen but stopped short as Will's voice rang out. "No running in the house."

Hannibal stopped. "Sorry, Daddy." He walked as fast he could to the kitchen. When he was big he had been giving Will cooking lessons, given he wasn't allowed near the oven or stove when he was in little space. He quickly sat on a stool at the kitchen island, waiting for his Daddy.

Will padded into the kitchen, yawning softly. "Let's start breakfast, shall we?" He smiled at his boy.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal's day start out very well over their breakfast, but it quickly takes a turn when a little accident happens.

Chapter Notes

Thank you very much for the support and kudos! It means a great deal to me. If any of you have any suggestions or constructive criticism, I would appreciate it greatly.

Hannibal nodded eagerly. He knew he wasn't really allowed to help while he was little, but Will sometimes let him do some things. If he wasn't kept occupied, he often times would start nitpicking on the way Will did things, claiming he could do them much better. It had gotten him into trouble more than once, but he was determined that that not be the case today.

Will got out the eggs and some sausage, deciding on a simple but effective breakfast. He looked over at Hannibal. "How do you want your eggs today, love?"

Hannibal tilted his head, thinking. "Scrambled, please."

Will nodded. It didn't take long for breakfast to be done and plated. He put the plates on the island, deciding he was a little too lazy today for them to eat in the dining room. Even though Hannibal had assured him that it wasn't nearly as extravagant as the one in his house in Baltimore, it still felt very fancy to him.

Hannibal smiled at his plate. He stabbed a piece of sausage with his fork and looked at Will innocently. "Daddy?"

"Hmm?" Will hummed with a mouthful of food.

Hannibal grinned. "Which sausage is this?" They only had two types in the fridge. One, Will and him had bought awhile ago at a rather high end butcher. The other, however, they had acquired just the other night.

Will nearly choked, not quite expecting Hannibal to ask about that while he was little. Sure, he liked to make jokes and puns while he was big, but when he was little they had never spoke of their 'hobbies'. Will swallowed uncomfortably. "The newer one. Why? Do you not like it?"

Hannibal shook his head, still grinning. "He's delicious." Then, he took a big bite, humming to himself.

Will shook his head, not quite able to keep from smiling. Of course, even while little Hannibal would still be overly pleased with their meat choice. Granted, the man had been deplorable, giving Apollo the wrong type of medication which, had it not been caught in time, could have had awful consequences for their poor pup.

Once breakfast was over, Will quickly cleaned the dishes and wiped down the counters, knowing that when Hannibal was big again he'd throw a massive fit if his precious kitchen was left in disarray. He looked over at his boy, who was waiting patiently for him to finish. "Daddy has to feed the dogs. Why don't you get what you would like to do and bring it to the living room."

Hannibal pouted slightly at having to wait, but he knew the doggies needed to be fed. He sighed exaggeratedly but nodded his, begrudging, consent. He bit his lip, trying to think of what he wanted to do, when his eyes got big. He ran to his office and got pencils and paper. Not the expensive drawing pencils that he used when he was big, he wasn't allowed near those while he was little, but colored pencils. He then ran with his bounty back to the living room, plopping down so he could start on a picture for his Daddy.

Will walked into the living room and instantly smiled. There was Hannibal, lying on his stomach on the floor, drawing diligently. It warmed his heart to see his husband so carefree. He went over and sat down beside him. "What are you working on, hun?"

Hannibal quickly covered up his drawing and shot Will a dirty look. "Daddy! You can't see 'til it's finished!"

Will threw his hands up. "Sorry." He shook his head and grabbed a piece of paper for himself, deciding he would draw something for his little one as well, even if he was no good at drawing.

Several minutes later, Hannibal froze all of the sudden. His eyes got big and filled with tears. However, before Will could ask what was wrong, he shot down the hall to their bedroom. Will, now very much worried, ran after him. He grew even more worried when he got to the room and couldn't seem to find him anywhere.

Suddenly, he heard a sob come from the direction of the bathroom. Opening the door, he saw his little one curled up in a ball on the floor, crying quietly. Will knelt down beside him and pulled him into his arms. "What's wrong, Darlin'?" he cooed softly.

Hannibal burrowed into his Daddy's chest, sniffling, "I I didn't mean to."

Will rocked him slowly. "Didn't mean to what?"

Hannibal's lip quivered. He gestured to his pants. Instantly, Will knew why he was crying. He shushed him softly. "Honey, it's okay. That"s what the pull up is for. Accidents happen. Do you think that maybe you're a little too small for them today? Hmm?"

Hannibal whimpered softly. He didn't want to be a burden to Will. Granted, this had all been Will's idea, but he still worried sometimes that he was going to do something wrong and Will would leave him. Only, he wouldn't be back this time. "I can be big, D Daddy."

Will smiled sadly, knowing full well what the other was thinking. "I'm not going anywhere, Darlin'. If you want to be my baby today, I'm absolutely fine with that. So, I'm going to ask you again, sweetheart. Are you feeling too small to be wearing big boy pants?"

Nodding his head, Hannibal's lips quivered pitifully, making Will shushed him again. "Okay, love. Why don't we get you cleaned up, then we can get you changed."

Hannibal sniffled, hiding his face in Will's chest. He nodded again. He was always so embarrassed about this, feeling he was supposed to be powerful and in control, not crying and easily upset. However, Will always made him feel better. Always made him feel like maybe there wasn't anything wrong with him for wanting this. He felt safe with Will.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

After the disastrous accident, Will cheers Hannibal up a little bit, and they continue on their day.

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for the comments and support. I greatly appreciate it, and it actually helps me write more. I wasn't quite sure where I was going with this chapter, but it kind of took on a mind of its own. So, please enjoy!

Will sighed softly at his little one. No matter how hard he seemed to try, Hannibal always thought he was going to leave at some point. Oh, Will knew it was his own fault. Heaven knows how many times he betrayed the other man, though, Hannibal himself had betrayed him a fair amount of times too. However, none of that mattered anymore. What mattered is that Will would do whatever it took to make Hannibal feel loved and safe.

He quickly got him cleaned up, knowing it embarrassed him no matter how many times he said it was okay. He decided to forgo a bath, given Hannibal would be having one later that night anyways.

Once he was all clean, he gently led him to the bed and had him lie down on it on his back. Right before he started getting his boy into something more age appropriate for his little mindset, he heard a small whimper. He blinked down at his little. "What's wrong, baby?"

Hannibal blushed brightly, having not meant to make such a humiliating sound. "Art'mis?"

Will's eyes softened and he smiled gently. "You want Artemis?" At Hannibal's nod, Will quickly walked over and got the stuffed stag from where it had fallen from their bed earlier. Handing the stag to Hannibal he asked, "Is that better?"

Hannibal hid his face in the stuffed animal and nodded. Will hummed, happy that he could provide some comfort to the embarrassed man. He was quick with the changing, not wanting to make his love more uncomfortable than necessary, but still made sure it was done right.

With that done, he sat on the edge of the bed. "Do you want to go back and continue drawing? Or would you like to stay in here for awhile?"

Hannibal looked at him from behind his stag, "I wanna finish my picture."

Will nodded. "Then, that's what we'll do." He stood up and grabbed his little's hand so they could walk back to living room. He knew full well that Hannibal could walk by himself, but he also knew he tended to get more clingy after he was upset.

"I can bring Artemis, right?" Hannibal looked at Will pleadingly.

Will smiled at him. "Of course, love. I'm sure she'd love to help you draw."

Hannibal giggled. "Daddy, she can't draw."

Will pretended to look surprised, like this was a new revelation for him. "Really? She can't? Well, why not?"

Hannibal picked her up higher, showing her to Will. "She has hooves, see. How is she gonna pick up a pencil with hooves, Daddy?"

Will's eyes widened as he looked at the stuffed animal's feet. "You are absolutely right. I never would have thought of that. What a clever boy I have."

Hannibal grinned and pulled Will to the living room, plopping back in front of his drawing. He went straight back to work, like nothing had happened.

Will chuckled slightly at him, pleased that he no longer seemed nearly as upset. Several minutes later, he was done with what he was drawing Hannibal. He winced slightly, as it looked absolutely awful, at least he thought it did. He looked over to see that Hannibal was getting close to finishing whatever he was drawing.

Once done, Hannibal looked over at Will and smiled brightly. "Daddy, I drew something for you. Do you want to see it?"

Will smiled. "Nothing would make me happier. After you show me what you drew, I'll show you what I drew for you, okay?"

Hannibal nodded eagerly. "Okay. Ready?" When Will nodded his head, he picked up his paper and proudly held it for him to see.

Will's breath caught in his throat. Even while little, Hannibal was exceptional at art. He had drawn a human heart with an arrow stuck in it. While the picture had no caption or any words in it, the message was clear enough.

Hannibal furrowed his brow nervously, thinking that Will didn't like it. "Daddy, you don't like it. Do you?"

Will looked over into the now dejected eyes of his little husband. He swallowed the sudden lump in his throat. "Oh honey, I love it. You did such a wonderful job. Daddy loves it with all his heart."

Hannibal flushed slightly, pleased at the praise he was receiving. "It's your turn."

Now it was Will's turn to blush. Compared to Hannibal, his actually could be a child's drawing. He slowly picked it up and showed the other man.

Hannibal grinned. While it was drawn rather poorly, he could see that Will had attempted to draw his stuffed stag. He looked over at Will, who was mumbling something about how he knew it wasn't good or something to that nature, but Hannibal could care less about the quality. "I love it! Daddy, it's perfect!"

Will smiled brightly. "Thank you, sweetheart."

Hannibal nodded. "You're welcome."

Will sat on the couch, suddenly feeling a wave of tired hit him. He hadn't been sleeping well the last several nights, due to nightmares. "Why don't we watch a movie."

Hannibal opened his mouth to protest, given he wasn't a fan of television, even when he was little, but then he caught the look on Will's face. He had dark circles under his eyes and he looked haggard. He quickly nodded, wanting his daddy to be able to rest. He went and picked out a movie, deciding on Fantasia, given that was one of the few Disney movies he actually enjoyed. He also hoped it would help Will relax.

Will quietly lied on the couch when the movie started, watching Hannibal's fingers tap the music, he didn't even realize he was starting to fall asleep.

Hannibal was startled when he heard Will start to snore. He ran and got a blanket for him, covering him up. He suddenly decided that he needed to make him tea, due to the fact that it was a calming drink. In his little state it did not dawn on him that Will wouldn't be able to drink it until he woke up. Nor did it dawn on him that he wasn't allowed in the kitchen without supervision while he was so little.

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Hannibal, while having the best intentions, doesn't fully think out trying to make his sleeping Daddy some tea. After all, there is a reason Will doesn't allow him into the kitchen while he is in little space.

Chapter Notes

Thank you all so much for the kudos and comments! I'm really grateful for all of your support. I'm going to try to start somewhat of a schedule for when I update, but I honestly have no idea. Anyways, please enjoy!

Hannibal went to the kitchen to make the tea, grabbing the kettle out and putting it on the stove top after filling it with water. He stopped though before turning it on, remembering all of the sudden that he wasn't allowed to in the kitchen by himself, never mind trying to turn on the stove. However, he was bound and determined to make Will some tea.

He bit his lip softly, he really didn't want to get into trouble though, and he knew his Daddy would be upset with him over breaking such a big rule. He pouted at the kettle full of water and wished it would just magically heat up so he didn't have to worry about trying to turn on the stove top and get himself into to trouble.

Suddenly, a thought crossed his mind. He could just pour the water into a cup and put it into the microwave, then put the tea bag in and put a plate over it to let it steep. He hadn't really ever worked it before, given when he was big he preferred to do things the old fashioned way, given he thought it always tasted better. However, Will had insisted on getting a microwave, and generally when Will wanted something, Hannibal bent over backwards to give him what he wanted.

He nodded his head decisively. He would simply do that. He went over to the cupboard, grabbing Will's favorite mug, and set it on the counter. Then, he poured the water from the kettle into the mug and popped it into the microwave. He puzzled over what button to push for several minutes, then decided just to push the button on it that had a steaming cup.

While he waited, he made sure to put the kettle back where it belonged, not wanting Will to know what he almost did before settling on the microwave.

Once the timer beeped, he grinned and quickly walked over and opened the door. While in his little state, however, his brain didn't always function like the way his adult brain would. Which is why Will did not want him in the kitchen without supervision. So, instead of using the handle of the mug like he would normally do, instead, he grabbed the entire side of the mug and pulled it out.

Needless to say, it didn't take long for him to figure out why this was a very bad idea. The water had gotten to a boiling temperature, making the mug incredibly hot to the touch. Thus, burning the little one in the process.

He let out a little shriek and his eyes immediately began to water. The pain making him drop the mug, it shattering all over the floor and making the water go everywhere. His eyes widened, knowing there was no way Will hadn't heard that. He whimpered quietly. Now, he was definitely in trouble.

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Will awakens to find his little one somewhere he should not be. However, he salvages the situation as best he can.

Chapter Notes

Thank you all very much for the comments and Kudos! It appears that I am only able to submit things at nighttime. This reason being: insomnia! Anyways, enjoy the chapter!

Will was startled awake at the sound of a shriek and then something shattering. He bolted upright, panic already in his chest, trying to figure out where the sound came from. Then, he heard the whimper coming from the kitchen. He jumped up and shot to the doorway. He skidded to a halt right in the entrance way, to see his little holding a hand to his chest, surrounded by pieces of broken ceramic.

He made a soft soothing sound in the back of his throat, slowly approaching Hannibal. "What happened to your hand, love?" He hoped he didn't accidentally cut himself.

Hannibal looked up at Will and his lip quivered. He didn't want Will to be mad at him. "I I'm sorry, Daddy."

Will gently took Hannibal and got him out of the sharp pieces on the floor, making sure he didn't get cut. "I know you are, Darlin'. Just tell Daddy what happened. I can't make it better if you don't tell me what happened. Did you hurt your hand?"

Hannibal nodded, still softly crying. "I burnt it, trying to get the mug out."

Will gently led him over to the sink to put his hand under some cold water. "Here, this should make you feel better." He slowly rubbed his little one's back, trying to show he wasn't angry with him. "Why were you in the kitchen without me, sweetheart? You know you're not supposed to be in here by yourself when you're little."

Hannibal whined quietly. "I was trying to make tea for you. You seemed so tired. I w wanted to help."

Will smiled gently. "That's very nice of you, love. I appreciate the effort." He turned off the water, seeing the burn wasn't too bad. It would just sting for a little bit.

Hannibal looked at Will sadly. "Am I in trouble, Daddy?"

Will nearly melted into a puddle at the look. "Oh no, Honey. Not this time. I think the fact that you got burnt was enough of a lesson, don't you?"

Hannibal nodded quickly. He'd agree to just about anything if it meant Will wasn't mad at him. "I'm sorry about your mug."

Will looked over at the remnants of his favorite coffee mug. "It's okay. It can be replaced." He smiled softly at Hannibal. "Why don't you go back into the living room, while I clean this up?"

Hannibal shook his head. "I wanna stay with you."

Will nodded. "Okay, Darlin'." He motioned to the stools against the island. "Sit over there, and once i'm done with this, we can go back to the living room."

Hannibal nodded and did as he was told. He waited patiently as Will swept up the broken pieces and double bagged them, putting them beside the trashcan so he could take them out later. Once he saw that Will was done, he walked over to him, putting his head on his shoulder.

Will wrapped his arms around Hannibal, softly cooing in his ear. "What's wrong? You're hand still hurt?"

Hannibal burrowed further into Will. "A little."

Will tightened his arms around Hannibal a little more. "You still somewhat upset, love?" At Hannibal's nod, Will gently led him to their bedroom. "How about we just lie down for a little bit and cuddle, hmm? Does that sound good?"

Hannibal whimpered softly. "Yes, please."

Will smiled gently. Once they got into the bedroom, he pulled him over to the bed and laid down with Hannibal curled into his chest. "How about this time you join me for a nap?"

Hannibal shook his head. "I'm not tired." Granted, this statement was quickly disproved when he let out a large yawn.

Will grinned. "Of course you're not. Why don't you just close your eyes, and listen to Daddy's heartbeat for a little bit?"

Hannibal nodded. "Okay, Daddy."

Several minutes later, the 'not tired' man was dead asleep. Will looked down at his little one curled up to his chest, and felt an amount of love that seemed to consume him. He slowly closed his eyes, letting the warmth seep into him and lull him to sleep, as well.

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

> Will and Hannibal awaken from their nap, and get started on dinner. However, Hannibal is dead set on making things difficult for his Daddy.

Chapter Notes

> Thank you all so much for the kudos and comments! I am incredibly happy that you are enjoying the story thus far, and it gives me motivation to continue it. I honestly had no intentions for this chapter to go this way, it just kind of happened. Anyways, here's the chapter! Please enjoy!

Will woke up a couple hours later, feeling very refreshed, to see they had slept through lunch. He looked down to see Hannibal still curled into his side, sleeping soundly. He smiled fondly at him, pleased at how comfortable he was with him now. He slowly sat up, trying not to awaken his charge, and grabbed the book he had started reading on the nightstand. He would give Hannibal as much time as he needed to recover from the frankly awful morning he had.

Hannibal blinked his eyes open wearily and let out a small whine. He didn't want to get up. He wanted to stay curled up in bed.

Will, once he noticed Hannibal had awakened, marked his place and put the book down. He chuckled lightly at his whine. "Come on, Darlin'. If you don't get up now. You won't be able to fall asleep tonight."

Hannibal shook his head, still burrowing into Will's side. "I don' care."

Will smiled. "You might not, but I do." He tilted his head, remembering that Hannibal hadn't been changed since his accident that morning, and that was several hours ago. He gentled his voice considerably, adding in the southern drawl Hannibal found so soothing. "Darlin'?"

Hannibal tensed slightly, knowing that whatever Will was about to say wasn't good, considering he was already trying to calm him. "Yeah?"

Will patted his back. "I won't be mad, no matter what you say, but I need to know. Are you wet?"

Hannibal drew in a sharp breath and buried his head deeper, trying to hide his burning face.

Will gently ran his hand through his little's hair, getting his answer by Hannibal's behavior. "It's alright, lamb. We'll get you changed, and then how about you can help me make dinner."

Hannibal's head shot out of his pillow and his eyes widened in excitement. "I can help?"

Will smiled. There was nothing that little Hannibal enjoyed more than helping in the kitchen, given he wasn't allowed to cook as he usually would while being big. So, being allowed to help was a huge treat. "Yes, you can. If you let me change you without any difficulties."

Hannibal bit his lip softly but nodded. He even laid on his back, trying to make it easier on his Daddy.

Will appreciated the gesture, knowing how hard being changes sometimes was on Hannibal. Some days he didn't care, others though, like today, the embarrassment couldn't seem to leave him. He was again quick with the diaper change, not wanting to humiliate his little one more than he already was. With that done, he grabbed his hand and gently pulled him to his feet. "Shall we start on dinner?"

Hannibal nodded emphatically, taking the lead to the kitchen. "Yes, please! What are we going to make, Daddy?"

Will frowned slightly, he hadn't thought on what to make honestly. He looked at Hannibal, perhaps he would let him decide. Surely, since he was little, he wouldn't ask to make something overly complicated.

He really should have known better. He now found himself trying to explain to his little one why they were not going to make a five course meal.

Hannibal frowned at Will. "You said I could pick!"

Will sighed deeply and rubbed his temples, asking himself for the hundredth time why he thought Hannibal would pick anything easy to make to eat. He was after all still himself, and he big or little, liked food to be extravagant. "I know, Honey. However, when I said you could decide what we made for dinner, I was merely talking about one dish, not several that will take hours to make."

Hannibal shot Will a dark look. "You didn't say that, Daddy! You just said I could decide!"

Will closed his eyes, knowing losing his patience would do neither of them any good. He was the adult here, and he needed to figure out how to keep the situation from escalating. He knew just as well as anyone that Hannibal could throw some massive tantrums when he desired to. He kept himself from chuckling. He actually got petulant even when he was big when he didn't get his way. He closed his eyes, trying to think of an outcome that could come out favorable to both of them.

Suddenly, he smiled at his Hannibal, having a brilliant idea. "How about we compromise, hmm?"

Hannibal furrowed his brow. "Compromise how?"

Will tilted his head. "You pick one simple dish for our meal." When Hannibal looked like he was going to protest, Will shot him a look, making him quiet. "After we eat it," He leaned closer like he was telling him a secret, "we can make your favorite dessert."

Hannibal's eyes widened. They rarely made it, even when he was big. due to one of the main ingredients having to be as fresh as possible. He frowned. "But, Daddy?"

Will smiled gently, knowing he had got him to agree already. "Yes, lamb?"

Hannibal bit his bottom lip softly. "Do we have the stuff to make it?"

Will nodded, he knew they did. He had bought and made sure they had it all several days ago, intending to surprise Hannibal with it. Even making sure that Hannibal hadn't seen him draw what he needed from what used to be their veterinarian. "We do, Darlin'. Would that be an acceptable compromise?"

Hannibal nodded enthusiastically. He knew when he was big, he would question where Will had gotten the blood from. However, in his little mindset, he didn't care. "Yes, Daddy!"

"Alright. Well, what are we eating, my little chef?" He grinned.

Hannibal blushed slightly. "Some chicken?"

Will inclined his head in agreement. "That sounds wonderful, love. Why don't you grab me the cutting board, while I grab the other things."

Hannibal smiled and quickly did as he was told, just happy not to have to sit and watch while Will did everything.

Will made fast work of the dinner preparations, knowing that the dessert was going to take awhile. Well, at least they had a nap. Once they finished eating, and the plates had been washed and put away, Will walked to their pantry and unlocked it. He looked over at his little, making sure he would stay put in the kitchen. While Hannibal was allowed in the kitchen if Will was with him when he was little, he was never allowed in the pantry unless he was big. He came back carrying a bag of blood.

Hannibal giggled happily. He was so excited, he had never tried the dish while little, though, he was sure he'd love it just the same. At Will's acceptance, he quickly got out the rest of the ingredients.

It took them quite awhile, but once they were done, Will sat both Hannibal and himself at the island with a bowl of Sanguinaccio dolce. He wouldn't even pretend to know how to pronounce the name. He liked to call it the bloody pudding in his head, though he never voiced it to Hannibal, knowing it would horrify him. Blood and chocolate, that's the only thing that mattered really. He looked over as Hannibal took the first bite, wondering if it would still be the man's favorite while in his little head space.

Hannibal scooped a spoonful of the red tinged chocolate pudding, tilting his head to the side. After he took a bite, he closed his eyes. Apparently, being in little space didn't change his

taste buds at all, as he had suspected. He quickly dug in, only remembering to eat slower after Will reminded him.

Will grinned happily. After the morning they had had, he was very pleased to see Hannibal so happy.

Once they were done with the dessert, the dishes cleaned and put away, and the counters wiped off; Will led Hannibal to the bathroom.

Hannibal frowned when he saw where they were headed. "What are we doing now, Daddy?"

Will smiled gently. "You need a bath, love."

Hannibal's brows furrowed and he shook his head decisively. "No."

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Will just wants to finish the day in peace; however, Hannibal has other ideas.

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for the kudos and comments! I'm very happy that I can entertain a little with my odd musings, though I do apologize for the shortness of this chapter.

Will raised his eyebrow. "Excuse me?"

Hannibal sighed deeply. "I said no, Daddy. I do not need a bath."

Will took a deep breath. "Honey, you do need one. Daddy says you need one and what is the rules regarding what Daddy says?"

Hannibal's nose twitched. "What Daddy says is final." He stomped his foot. "But it's not fair!"

Will was officially confused. Hannibal usually loved baths. He looked at him, trying to figure out what was wrong. "What's the matter, lamb? You love it when Daddy gives you a bath."

Hannibal shook his head. For some very strange reason, he just felt like being difficult. He wasn't quite sure why. However, somewhere in his memory palace, his big self was shaking his head at himself, knowing exactly what was happening and thinking it was honestly ridiculous that after all they had been through this is how he decided to test Will. Though, it did make sense, children often tested their parents, and his little self was no exception. He had honestly rarely misbehaved when they played, too afraid of Will getting too upset with him. However, the longer they continued to play, the bolder he got. Plus, he was curious what Will would do if he pushed him too far, and he never could seem to control his curiosity.

He whined softly, not wanting to tell Will. "Nothing is the matter!"

Will crossed his arms. "Well, if nothing is wrong, then, why are you throwing a tantrum over something you usually enjoy?"

Hannibal bared his teeth at Will slightly, intending to continue his fit, but then he took a good look at him. Despite their nap, Will still had dark circles under his eyes. While, he wanted to

push and see how far he could go until Will finally did something about his behavior, he wasn't quite willing to do it when Will was still so exhausted.

He let his lip quiver slightly, still feeling emotional. "I'm sorry, Daddy. I'm just still tired." Which admittedly wasn't a lie. He was still tired after the day they had.

Will smiled gently, willing to give his little one some leeway. "Alright, Honey. I accept your apology." He pulled him into a quick hug. "It's okay."

Hannibal felt slightly bad at making things difficult for Will, but he felt his curiosity flare up again. He wouldn't make things any harder for Will tonight, knowing that he was exhausted. However, he did still have tomorrow.

He was quiet throughout bath time, trying to think of what exactly he wanted to do. He just wanted to see what Will would do if he did something to actually get into some trouble.

Will looked at Hannibal in concern. He was awfully quiet all of the sudden. After he got him dressed, he had him lie down on the bed next to him. He softly ran his fingers through the other's hair. "What's wrong, lamb?"

Hannibal burrowed his face in Will's chest. He really didn't want to tell him of his plans. He knew his Daddy would not approve. "'M just tired, Daddy. I promise."

Will nodded, not really believing him, but not wanting to accuse him of lying. "Alright, Darlin'. Why don't we just go to sleep then?"

Hannibal nodded. "Yes, please, Daddy." He lied half on Will, curling up.

Will sighed softly, hoping that tomorrow would be better. However, unbeknownst to him, his little was planning something that he knew he should not do. Right before he fell asleep, it dawned on Hannibal what he wanted to do in startling clarity. *The pantry.*

Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Hannibal finally got his wish, he pushed Will beyond his breaking point. However, he quickly finds that it wasn't well though out.

Chapter Notes

Thank you for the comments and kudos! I already know what I want to do for the next chapter, but I'm really unsure if I need to add warnings or anything like that, given this is the first fic I've written on this site... Well, anyways, I hope ya'll enjoy!

Hannibal woke before Will, as he hoped he would. He looked over at his Daddy, who was sound asleep. Now, he was usually supposed to wake Will up if he woke in little space before him. However, this morning he had no intentions of doing what he knew he should.

He quietly got out of bed, making sure not to wake the other man. He grimaced slightly at the feeling of his night diaper being wet, but since Will wasn't awake to take care of it for him, he wasn't as embarrassed. He quickly stripped out of it, cleaning up as best he could while being little, which admittedly wasn't the best, and got dressed. He looked back at Will one more time, ensuring he was still asleep, and slipped out of the room.

He sneaked his way to the kitchen and stood at the doorway of the pantry. However, when he got to the door he hesitated. He could go back to the room, wake up Will and continue on their day in bliss, but if he opened the door and continued his plan, he would surely get in trouble. He had never gotten into real trouble with Will before. Sure, he had been threatened with consequences a couple of times, but he had never pushed beyond that and he was curious. Sadly, curiosity always did override his logic.

He went to the pantry and unlocked it with the key he had nicked from Will's bedside table. He wasn't allowed to have his key while little. Will had said that he could get hurt. He shook his head, he knew what he was doing. Walking into the room, it dawned on him he had never been in the pantry while in head space, Will never even took him with him in the room.

He turned on the light and looked around, wondering what he could possibly do. He went over to the meat fridge and smiled at the remaining pieces they had left. He was going to prepare it when he was big again in a couple of days. They always played for at least a couple of days, so he could relax suitably.

He nodded decisively. He remembered how to prepare the meat, he may be little, but he still was himself and knew how to do it. Granted, his motor skills weren't as good as they usually were, but he wasn't going to let that stop him. He pulled out a packaged liver, thinking that Will could make it for dinner, and a large chef's knife and got to work.

He got very engrossed in what he was doing, not remembering he was technically where he wasn't supposed to be and breaking a very big rule for little time. He gasped slightly as he almost cut himself, coming less than an inch from disaster. He did freeze, however, when he heard the sound of a throat clearing. He looked up into the eyes of his very furious Daddy.

He whined quietly. He had been so set on pushing Will to the point of him having to do something about his behavior, it never actually dawned on him what would come after he pushed him past his breaking point. Now, he wasn't so sure that this had been a good idea. Sure, his curiosity would be satisfied, but he didn't know if it was honestly worth it, not with the way Will was looking at him.

Will had woken up to an empty bed. He didn't read too much into it, thinking maybe his little had gone to the bathroom. He sometimes got embarrassed when he woke wet and wanted to take care of it himself. He opened the door, smiling gently to greet his little one. However, he stopped short at the sight of an empty bathroom. He furrowed his brow and went back to the bedroom, calling softly, "Hannibal. Where are you, lamb?"

After searching for a couple minutes, he deciphered that he was not in the bedroom, bathroom, or closet. He huffed quietly and walked out, trying to figure out where his little troublemaker had gone. He searched all over the house, growing more panicked as each room provided the same results. No Hannibal. He continually called for him, but either he was ignoring him or was too interested in whatever he was doing to hear him. He refused to believe he had gotten hurt and couldn't answer him.

After several minutes of frantic searching, the only room he hadn't searched was the kitchen. He stiffened, hoping his little wasn't in there, he had been really understanding and very soft on him, given his childhood wasn't the best, but there was only so much Hannibal would be allowed to get away.

He sighed in exasperation and walked into the kitchen, thinking about what he could possibly do to help curb his little's tendency to misbehave. However, all thoughts went out the window and his blood turned cold when he saw the door to the pantry open. He took a deep breath, surely Hannibal wouldn't go that far.

He walked into the pantry and froze in his tracks. There was his little, holding a large knife, and sloppily cutting the meat that he must have gotten from their glass fridge, he was more murdering it than cutting it. Well, murdering it again anyways. He inhaled sharply, fear quickly turning to anger. If Hannibal had intended to upset him, well, he certainly had gotten his wish now. He cleared his throat pointedly, making his little freeze and turn and look at him with a deer in headlights look.

He looked at him sternly. "What do you think you're doing?"

Hannibal whimpered quietly. He had definitely done it now. Will was finally going to do something, and something told him he would've been better off staying in bed with his Daddy.

Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Hannibal has certainly upset his Daddy now, especially when Will learns why his little suddenly decided to break the rules.

Chapter Notes

Thank you for the comments and kudos! I honestly was going to put more in this chapter, but decided it got a little lengthy. Thus, I split it into two chapters instead! Anyways, enjoy!

Hannibal whimpered quietly. He had definitely done it now. Will was finally going to do something, and something told him he would've been better staying in bed with his Daddy.

Will raised his eyebrow, letting his voice harden somewhat. While usually, when Hannibal started whimpering he would immediately give in and comfort him. However, he scared him half to death and could have gotten badly hurt. He couldn't just let it go this time. So, even though all he wanted to do was pull his little into a hug, he stayed firm. "Hannibal Lecter, answer me."

Hannibal's lip quivered, Will had never used his full name in the history of him knowing him, and he rarely used his name while they were playing, instead preferring to call him pet names. Perhaps, he shouldn't have pushed quite so hard. He slowly put the knife down. "I'm sorry, Daddy."

Will shook his head. "That doesn't answer my question, Hannibal."

Hannibal's eyes slowly filled with tears. He really wished he would have just stayed in bed. "I was getting the meat prepared, Daddy."

Will inclined his head. "Are you allowed to be in the pantry while you're little, Hannibal?"

Hannibal swallowed hard and shook his head. "N no, Daddy."

Will felt bad for him. He truly did. However, his little desperately needed some discipline and he would always give him exactly what he needed. "Are you allowed to handle knives while you're little?"

Hannibal shook his head, not quite able to speak past the lump in his throat. He knew this was entirely his fault and he deserved whatever punishment Will decided on, but being in trouble still hurt. He hated upsetting Will, and he had done it so blatantly. Now, he wasn't quite sure why he had ever thought this was a good idea.

Will sighed and walked over to Hannibal, grabbing his arm and gently pulling him from the pantry and into the living room. He sat down on the couch and pulled him in between his legs.

Hannibal whined softly after seeing Will sit on the couch. He was known for being intelligent, after all. He knew very well what this could mean for him.

Gently grasping his little's chin, Will made sure Hannibal was looking at him. "You know the rules, and you must have known you'd get caught. So, why, lamb?"

He didn't want to tell Will he had been deliberately pushing him. He knew that would upset Will perhaps even more than him breaking the rules in the first place. However, he also didn't want to make it worse by lying. He knew Will couldn't stand him lying to him. "'M sorry."

Will shook his head. "No, lamb. That's not an answer to my question. Tell me why you've disobeyed me." When all Hannibal did was sniffle softly, Will let out a deep sigh. "Look at me, love." He waited patiently until Hannibal looked at him. "You know that you can tell Daddy anything. It'll be okay."

Hannibal sucked in a deep breath. "I I wanted to see what you'd do."

Will closed his eyes, taking calming breaths as he felt pure rage shoot through him. He knew Hannibal was little and just wanted to see the limits of what he could and could not do before he stepped in and punished him, but the answer reminded him far too much of their previous life. He opened his eyes, looking into the eyes of his nervous little. He looked terrified.

Will swallowed hard. He couldn't punish him like this. Not while he was so angry. It wouldn't be right. He needed to calm down first. He closed his eyes and took another fortifying breath. When he opened his eyes again, he motioned to the little. "Go stand in the corner, Hannibal."

Hannibal shook his head. He could tell Will was too angry to deal with him right now, and it admittedly hurt, though he knew it was his own fault. He was accustomed to Will needing space after his antics when he was big, but he had never done so while he was little. "Daddy-
"

Will shook his head. "No, Hannibal. You're in enough trouble. Do as Daddy says, now please."

Hannibal's lip quivered but he went over to the corner that Will motioned to and obediently stood as directed.

Will rubbed his face and slouched in his seat. He really just wanted to be done with this day, and it was only, he looked at the clock they had in the room and groaned. It was only nine in

the morning. He sighed quietly. He already knew what he was going to do with Hannibal. That didn't particularly mean he had to like it.

Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

> After making sure his little understands why, Will punishes Hannibal, and provides some much needed comfort afterwards.

Chapter Notes

> Thank you for the comments and Kudos! Here is the second part of the previous chapter! Honestly, I did not intend it to go this way, but it appears the characters are strong willed even in the writing process. Anyways, I hope you enjoy!

After what felt like forever for the little, which was in fact exactly ten minutes, Will called him back to the couch to stand in front of him. Hannibal looked down, not wanting to look at his Daddy after he had behaved so abhorrently.

Will tilted his head, making sure to gentle his voice. "Look at me, lamb."

Hannibal shifted and looked at Will. "I really am sorry, Daddy."

Will smiled gently. "I know, love. However, you do still need to be punished."

Hannibal whimpered. "But I won't do it again. I promise."

Will shook his head. "Don't make promises you can't keep. Now, tell Daddy why you're about to get this spanking."

Hannibal's eyes finally released the tears that had been building since the kitchen. "B because I was in the pantry when I wasn't s'posed to."

Will nodded. "Very good, lamb. What else?"

Hannibal swallowed. "An' I was handling a knife."

Will smiled softly, trying to encourage his little one somewhat, knowing he must be worried. "Well done, love. Are you allowed to be in the pantry or to handle knives while little?"

Hannibal shook his head. "No, Daddy. Not 'lowed."

Will nodded at him, making sure he knew that he wasn't mad anymore. He would never discipline his little while he was angry. "That's right. So, here's what is going to happen. You're going to lie over my lap. You'll get fifteen swats and then all will be forgiven and we can cuddle for a bit before breakfast."

Hannibal squirmed, not particularly liking the idea, but he knew there wasn't really any way to get out of it. He nodded quickly, just wanting to get it over with.

Several minutes later, Hannibal was sitting on Will's lap, sobbing pitifully. It hadn't really hurt that much, the sting would be gone in a couple of hours. He was mostly upset that it had happened at all.

Will, for his part, was doing his best to comfort his distraught little one, whispering soothingly in his ear and rubbing his back. "It's okay, lamb. It's all over now."

Hannibal sniffled softly, his sobs turning into soft crying. He curled into further into Will, seeking solace. "Forgiven?"

Will smiled. "Of course, Darlin'. All's forgiven. We can move on like it never happened."

Hannibal nodded, still crying, though it was tapering off now. "I'm sorry, Daddy."

Will shushed him gently. "It's okay, lamb. You're forgiven. How about we make some breakfast, hmm? You can have whatever you want."

That made Hannibal's tears quickly come to a halt. "Anything?"

Will grinned. He knew that would make his little perk up. "Absolutely anything you desire, Honey."

Hannibal smiled happily. He would usually take advantage of this and ask Will if they could make something extravagent, but he wasn't really in the mood for it right now. He wanted comfort. He looked shyly at Will. "Can we have pancakes?"

Will chuckled. "Yes, we can do that." He got up to take them to the kitchen but was stopped by Hannibal. "What is it, love?"

Hannibal bit his lip softly. "Can you change me, Daddy?"

Will smiled. "Of course. Thank you for asking. Such a wonderful boy."

Hannibal blushed, not quite able to hide his embarrassment. He followed his Daddy to the bedroom and lied on the bed when directed.

Will shook his head gently when he saw that Hannibal hadn't even bothered to put on underwear when he had gotten dressed. He quickly diapered Hannibal, noting that his bottom was barely even pink from the previous punishment.

He lifted him up from the bed, smiling. "How about we go get breakfast started? You can even help."

Hannibal nodded emphatically. "Yes, Daddy!"

Will led Hannibal to the kitchen, thinking maybe the day could be salvaged after all.

Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

Hannibal has decided to start a practice again, which sadly doesn't leave him and Will much time to play, not to mention Will's nightmares deciding to resurface.

Chapter Notes

I apologize for not posting for awhile, and I will also warn all ya'll. I did not feel exceptionally well while writing this chapter, and it tended to bleed a bit into the story, which I also apologize for. I promise you though it will get better!

It had been three months since the pantry day, and Hannibal hadn't had the time nor chance to be little in weeks. This was due to the fact that he had decided to start a new practice. He got patients fairly quickly, but it took up a great deal of his time, setting up his office, hiring a secretary, and making sure everything was ready.

Needless to say, his stress levels were incredibly high, made only worse with the lack of sleep he was getting. Will had been having horrible nightmares for two weeks now. Hannibal would wake up to his partner thrashing around in bed, gasping for air that he could never seem to get. He would then try to calm the panicking man to the best of his ability. However, whenever Hannibal asked what he dreamt about, Will would stubbornly refused to tell him.

All of the stress and anxiety that had been building finally came to a head one weekend. Hannibal was going over his patient's notes from the previous week, occasionally keeping an eye on Will, who had fallen asleep on the couch in his study. The previous night had been one of the worst thus far. During his nightmare, Will had not only been gasping, unable to breath, but he had also started shrieking, a near inhuman sound that still rang in Hannibal's ears. He had of course comforted him once he woke up, but when Will had gone back to sleep, Hannibal had been stuck awake, guarding, trying to ensure that he would have no more nightmares.

He made it half way through his notes when mind numbing exhaustion hit him. He whimpered quietly, his tired and overtaxed mind already slipping into his little head space. He quickly put the notes down, trying desperately not to slip. He knew Will was exhausted and needed his sleep, and he had no desire to complicate that further by making his partner take care of him. He stood, making sure Will was covered and still sound asleep, and quickly made his way to their bedroom.

Once in the safety of their bedroom, he closed the door and made his way to the bed. Before he could even get out of his clothes, he collapsed on the soft duvet like a puppet whose strings had been cut. No longer being able to fight off his younger head space, he curled up around Will's pillow, trying to calm the surmounting panic he felt. No matter how hard he tried he just couldn't seem to calm down. He desperately needed his Daddy. However, he shook his head, whined softly in the back of his throat, and stayed where he was. He would not bother Will with this if he was already so tired. He would only make everything worse. He burrowed further into the pillow he was holding and let out a soft quiet sob.

A couple terrible hours later, he felt more in control of himself, though no less exhausted and not any better. He cleaned himself up, and looking at the time, went into the kitchen to start dinner. He didn't particularly feel in the mood to make much, a sure sign that he was out of sorts, but he did so anyways, knowing that if he didn't Will would immediately know something was wrong.

The cooking did ground him a little, making it to where when Will walked in and smiled, sheepishly apologizing for falling asleep on him, and asking how everything was going, he could smile back and lie, claiming everything was perfect.

Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

Will has a sneaking suspicion that all is not well with his husband, while Hannibal is doing all he can to hide his declining state from Will. However, Will is determined to figure out what is bothering him.

Chapter Notes

I apologize for this being so short! But they will be resolving this fairly soon, I promise! Anyways, enjoy!

Will could tell there was something wrong with Hannibal. For one thing, he hadn't been little in weeks, even when he had a day off. However, when Will asked him about it, he often got brushed off or Hannibal said he hadn't felt the need to slip lately. While he didn't question his lover on this, he just felt like he was being lied to. Though, he couldn't understand why. He got as much from them playing as Hannibal did. It was a stress relief for him as well. Something he desperately needed after the God awful nightmare he had been plagued with for awhile now. It was always the same. They were back in the ocean, but this time he couldn't get back to the surface, no matter how hard he tried. It felt like weights were attached to his feet, dragging him down into the darkness. This was made worse only by the fact that he could never find Hannibal, and the few times he could, he could never get close enough to reach him. He's have to watch as the life slowly drained from the most important thing to him, and then he would wake up. Though, even being awake rarely helped, as he could never seem to get the image out of his head.

He was interrupted from his thoughts by his phone telling him he had received a text. He smiled at seeing it was from his husband. However, his smile soon faded when he saw that Hannibal would be late in coming home. Apparently, the man whom he had hired to fix some wiring problems he had been having decided to cut corners to save on price, making the whole thing short circuit on him. Will frowned, trying to think if they had room in their pantry. While he didn't care as much as Hannibal when it came to rudeness, he did care when people stressed his husband.

He grinned as he got an idea. He decided that he was going to make Hannibal an old recipe he had always loved as a child growing up in Louisiana. He was going to make his father's old recipe for Jambalaya. Even now, it was a comfort food to Will, and he hoped his husband would find it comforting as well.

He had just finished making a pot of it when Hannibal came walking through the door. He turned, smiling, to greet him, happy he was home. However, he stopped short at seeing his face. Instead of looking well put together like usual, Hannibal seemed disheveled. His hair was messed up and his suit was wrinkled, almost like he had lied down in it. His face was tight and drawn, and his eyes were hard. Will's concern quickly grew. "Are you alright?"

Hannibal pursed his lips. "I'm fine, Will."

Will's brows furrowed, sensing the lie. He gentled his voice, hoping that maybe he could get the other man to talk to him. Either that or to slip into little space, he could tell that the man before him desperately needed it. "Hannibal, what's wrong? Maybe I can help."

This, however, appeared to be the wrong thing to say, as Hannibal's eyes flashed and his jaw clenched. "I do not require your help, Will. I am not a child." The last part coming out in a dangerous hiss.

Will flinched back like he had been slapped. He wasn't able to do anything but stand and watch as the other man spun around and marched away to their bedroom. He stood staring at the spot he had just vacated for several minutes, not quite able to come to terms with what just happened. He knew Hannibal had just been upset, but it hurt him deeply. Especially the part about him not being a child, it felt like a personal dig at their play time. He cursed softly when his Jambalaya started boiling over, having been forgotten to be taken off the stove. He quickly moved it and turned everything off.

He was tempted to just eat and let Hannibal stew for a bit, but he felt like there was something that was bothering his lover, and he was determined to get to the bottom of it. He stood straight and walked determinedly to their bedroom. One way or another, he was going to find out what was wrong.

He jerked the door to their room open, intending to question what the other man's problem was; however, his response froze on his tongue, his anger bleeding out of him at the sight in front of him.

There was Hannibal, still in his suit, curled in the middle of the bed, hugging his stuffed stag Artemis, and crying so softly. He doubted he would have been able to hear him if he wasn't standing so close.

Will felt like he had been stabbed in the chest, obviously Hannibal was little, but now the question was, how long had this been going on? And why hadn't the other man said anything to him about it?

Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

Hannibal can no longer hide how he's feeling from his Daddy, and Will finally discovers what's bothering his little.

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for the comments and kudos! As promised, they fix things, mostly. Anyways, enjoy!

Will slowly approached the bed that his crying little was on. Sitting down on the edge of the bed, he reached out and gently pulled Hannibal to his chest. He murmured softly, trying to calm the other down, saying soothing nothing's into his ear.

After an hour, Hannibal's crying tapered off until he was just sniffling softly. Once he was calmed, he sat up quickly, fighting off his head space. He cleared his throat a couple times, trying to get his voice to work properly. "I apologize, Will."

Will pulled him back into his lap. "Don't apologize, Darlin'. Just tell me what happened, and how long have you been unhappy?"

Hannibal tensed, not wanting to tell Will about the several weeks of slipping by himself and not informing the other about it. He was, after all, supposed to tell Will the second he slipped no matter where he was. However, he had not wanted to bother the other man with it while he had been so tired. "I merely had a," he paused, trying to think of what to say without lying to Will, "tiresome day. It pushed me into being little, but I'm fine now." He tried to get up before Will could see that he was in fact not fine.

Will shook his head, not allowing the other man to run away again. He knew it was unfair to do so, but he gentled his voice, acting as if Hannibal was still in little space. He knew that with Hannibal still as upset as he was, it would probably push him back into being little, and he would be more viable to talk to him about what was wrong. "No. We both know that's not true. Tell Daddy what's wrong, lamb."

Hannibal took a sharp breath in. He knew what Will was doing, but he was unable to fight it, after so long of bottling everything up. His lip quivered and he turned and put his head on Will's shoulder. "I'm sorry, Daddy."

Will rubbed his little's back. "Oh no, love. You don't need to be sorry."

Hannibal whined softly. "Do too."

Will hummed thoughtfully, "Is that so? Well, why don't you tell me why you need to be sorry, Darlin'?"

Hannibal shook his head. "You'll be mad at me."

Will let out a soft soothing noise. "I'm sure that's not true, love." When Hannibal still looked doubtful, he had an idea. "What if Daddy pinky promises? Will you believe me then?"

Hannibal's eyes got big. Surely, Daddy wouldn't break a pinky promise. That meant he couldn't possibly get mad at him. He nodded quickly.

Will smiled gently, sticking out his pinky for his little one to grab onto with his own smallest finger. Once Will had pinky promised, he nodded. "Alright, lamb. Tell Daddy why you think you need to apologize."

Hannibal whimpered quietly and hid his face in his stuffed stag. "I lied."

Will nodded, figuring that his little one had been carrying the guilt from lying to him for the last couple of weeks. He softened his voice. He didn't want him thinking he was angry at him. After all, he did just pinky promise. "What did you lie about, love?"

Hannibal sniffled and looked at Will with big wet eyes. "I wasn't fine, Daddy. 'M sorry. I tried so hard. I just I couldn't do it."

Will's heart melted at the heart breaking look in his little one's eyes. "Oh, Honey. Why didn't you tell Daddy, hmm? You know you can tell me anything. I would have helped you. How's Daddy supposed to make it better if you don't say anything?"

Hannibal whined in the back of his throat. "You were tired, Daddy. I didn't want to bug you."

Will officially felt his heart break. He pulled Hannibal even closer, kissing the top of his head lightly. "You could never bug me, sweetheart. I thought you knew that." He hugged him tighter. "Hanni, baby, you know this does just as much for me as it does for you, right."

Hannibal shook his head. "No. You have to look after me, an and I know I'm not always easy to care for, Daddy. And you're tired already. I just thought that maybe if I wasn't little as much you wouldn't be as stressed."

Will closed his eyes, having no idea how Hannibal could have it so backwards. "No, Darlin'. That's not even a little bit true. Daddy loves taking care of you." He readjusted them so he could look Hannibal in the eyes. "Taking care of you makes me feel important, love. It is just as stress relieving for me as it is for you." He gently carded his finger's through the other's hair. "Never forget that."

Hannibal whimpered quietly and burrowed further into Will. He knew Will must have gotten something out of their playing, but he didn't think it helped him like it did himself. He always

figured Will was mostly doing it for him, not because he got any real enjoyment out of it. Now, he knew how misguided that notion truly was. "I won't forget, Daddy. Thank you."

Will smiled gently. "Any time, lamb."

Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

With Hannibal finally being little after weeks of not being able to, Will tries to make sure the other man can see how much it truly isn't a chore for him.

Chapter Notes

With everything that's going on in the world at the moment and everything grinding to a halt, I figured I should at least add more chapters. Anyways, enjoy!

Will continued to hold Hannibal for a couple more minutes before pulling back. He smiled softly. "Let' get you out of these big clothes and properly dressed."

Hannibal nodded happily. Nothing sounded better to him. As Will got him into proper attire, he couldn't help but think about how much he missed this. Once he was fully dressed, Will led him to the kitchen. He sniffed the air, trying to figure out what it was that Will had made for them.

Will grinned at his little, knowing what he was doing. "It's Jambalaya, love."

Hannibal's eyes widened in delight. Will rarely made the Louisiana dish, given the length it took to make it, and as much as he loved his husband, he knew that he didn't honestly like making that much an effort in the kitchen. That was Hannibal's job. However, whenever he did decide to make the effort, it was amazing. Despite his culinary capabilities, Hannibal never could seem to get the recipe just right for Will's Jambalaya. Granted, it wasn't like there was an actual recipe to follow. Will didn't have it written down, merely doing it from memory.

Once they finished dinner, Hannibal pulled Will to the living room, intending for them to play some more. However, on the way he let out a rather big yawn, the exhaustion from so many sleepless nights catching up with him.

Will, seeing the yawn, quickly pulled Hannibal away from the living room and into the bedroom. "I think maybe some sleep would be good for both of us."

Hannibal pouted. He really didn't want to waste his little time sleeping. After all, he hadn't been able to be little in weeks. Though, he knew it was of course his own fault. "But, Daddy,

I'm not tired." This was of course, quickly disproved right after it left his mouth by a jaw cracking yawn.

Will smiled gently and shook his head. "Then, you don't have to sleep. Just lie down with Daddy and close your eyes for a bit."

Hannibal narrowed his eyes. He could sense there was a trap in the suggestion, but his exhausted body couldn't quite argue with the thought of lying down and cuddling. He plopped down on the bed, waiting patiently for Will.

Will quickly followed suit, letting Hannibal curl into him the second he hit the bed. He hummed softly, knowing the vibrations in his chest soothe the other man. "Just close your eyes, lamb. I promise we can play when you wake up tomorrow."

Hannibal's eyes slowly drifted shut without his permission. "Promise, Daddy?"

Will smiled, softly carding his hand through his little's hair. "I promise, love. Just remember, Daddy loves playing with you. It's no chore. Okay, Honey?"

"Okay, Daddy." He murmured already half asleep.

Will looked down at his little one adoringly, he was already asleep. He chuckled quietly at the thought of him just a couple minutes ago claiming he wasn't tired despite all the evidence that proved otherwise.

He pulled him further into his chest, intending to make sure that Hannibal never again doubted how much he enjoyed their time together. Still thinking about how he could make the other man feel more comfortable, he drifted off to sleep, sleeping peacefully throughout the entire night with his little curled into him.

Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal have a very relaxing morning, after Hannibal wakes up very small.

Chapter Notes

Hello! I deeply apologize for not posting a chapter in awhile. I just couldn't figure out what I wanted to do. However, with the quarantine and everything still going on, I decided that we needed more cuteness. I'm also thinking about writing when they first started their age playing. Anyways, please enjoy!

The next morning, Will woke up feeling well rested for once, without even an ounce of the exhaustion that had been plaguing him for weeks. He looked over at the man sleeping peacefully beside him and smiled. Hannibal was still in a deep sleep, curled up against Will with his thumb firmly planted in his mouth.

Will couldn't help but melt a little inside at the sight. He knew that his little one was going to be feeling very little when he woke up. It was rare that Hannibal ever had his thumb in his mouth, even in sleep, but when he was feeling particularly little, the digit always made its way to his mouth. Thankfully, Will had the foresight to prepare for such days, even amid the loud protests of his partner, whom he could tell was highly embarrassed for ever needing such a thing.

He slowly got out of bed and got the supplies needed to get his little ready for the day, knowing that if he got everything set up first, and just moved quickly, Hannibal would have less time to feel embarrassed.

Once all was ready, he gently laid his hand on the other man's back. "Wake up, Hanni. It's time to get up."

Hannibal slowly blinked his eyes open, whining softly at having to awaken from his pleasant dreams. However, once he was a little more lucid, he quickly ripped his thumb out of his mouth and blushed brightly. While he was getting more comfortable with Will changing him and other things similar to that, sucking his thumb just seemed a little too far for him, no matter how many times Will assured him it was okay. He was always worried he was going to do something that was going to finally push the other man over the edge.

Before Hannibal could say anything Will was already starting to get him changed. He blushed a little at the fact that Will hadn't even asked this time what he wanted to wear, but he was also grateful, given he knew that he would have had a hard time telling Will how little he truly felt.

After Hannibal was changed, Will smiled at his baby. "Let's go get you breakfast. Okay, lamb?"

Hannibal nodded quickly, already deep in head space. "'Kay, Daddy."

Will nodded and grabbed his little's hand, walking to the kitchen with him. He knew when Hannibal was this small, he tended not to be as steady on his feet. He deposited him in a stool and started on breakfast.

After breakfast, Will led Hannibal into the living room, laid down a blanket, and sat with him on it. Hannibal however, was already bored moments after sitting down. He looked over at Will. "Daddy?"

Will looked over at his little one. "Yes, Darlin'?"

Hannibal tilted his head to the side. "Read?"

Will smiled softly. "You want me to read to you, sweetheart?"

Hannibal nodded, looking at Will expectantly.

Will chuckled. "Which book, baby?"

Hannibal bit his lip softly. "You pick, Daddy?"

Will grinned. "Of course, lamb." He had just stood up when Hannibal called his name again. He looked down at Hannibal with a questioning look on his face.

Hannibal looked up at Will, the change in height difference making him feel even smaller. "Can you get Art'mis?"

Will smiled gently, never able to resist Hannibal when he was so small. "Of course. You need me to get anything else for you?"

Hannibal shook his head. He watched Will leave, his thumb making its way to his mouth. He had been fighting the urge all morning, not wanting Will to see him do something so undignified. Granted, Will had seen him do plenty of undignified things, especially when in little space. However, he still had reservations about Will seeing him so regressed, no matter how much he trusted that the man wouldn't leave him. He knew there was only so far he could push.

Will walked in the room, pausing at the sight of his little with his thumb in his mouth. He partially didn't want to walk into the room because he knew that Hannibal would stop the second he noticed him. He wanted his little to have everything he wanted and needed, even if

it was something small. He just wanted the other man to feel completely comfortable, but he also knew the other man still struggled intensely with embarrassment.

He made sure the other man knew he was coming, so he wouldn't have to feel humiliated at being caught, pretending he hadn't seen anything when he walked in the room. He figured the other man would eventually get fully comfortable with him. He would wait, no matter how long it took.

Hannibal smiled at Will, feeling relief shoot through him that Will hadn't seen him sucking his thumb. He then felt shame course through him. He knew Will would appreciate it if he would just share everything with him. However, he was also comforted by the thought that Will would also want him to take things at his own pace.

When Will sat on the blanket again, Hannibal wasted no time, quickly crawling into his lap. Grabbing Artemis and pulling the stuffed stag to his chest when Will handed it to him. While he was technically too big to sit on Will's lap, but they figured out a system that worked for both of them. He placed his head on his Daddy's chest, listening to his heartbeat.

Will smiled gently down as his little curled up on him. He couldn't help but absolutely adore the other man. He was so beautiful to him and incredibly cute when he wanted to be. He couldn't imagine life without him. When Hannibal started getting a little restless, it dawned on him that he was supposed to be reading to the other man. He chuckled lightly and opened the book to begin reading.

Hannibal sighed softly at hearing Will's voice. He always loved when Will read to him, or just talked without end. He found the other man's soothing. He could feel himself starting to feel sleepy. He tended to take a nap when he was very little, and one night of amazing rest couldn't make up for the weeks of almost no sleep. So, with one ear filled with his Daddy's heartbeat and the other his voice, he drifted off into a peaceful sleep.

Will continued reading long after he felt his little fell asleep, knowing sometimes he slept better while he could still hear his voice. After awhile, he stopped reading, but didn't put the other man down just yet. He was just enjoying the other man curled up in his lap. However, he also knew that if he didn't move Hannibal he would wake up with a backache or something similar. So, he mustered up all his strength and lifted himself and Hannibal off the floor, quickly setting him on the couch.

He watched his little sleep for a little bit with a smile on his face. Everything was going to get better. He just knew it.

Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

The beginning of how it all started.

Chapter Notes

I apologize once again for taking so long to update. However, I did try to make up for it with a longer chapter! Anyways, enjoy the story!

Nine months ago

Will was laying awake in bed, browsing on the tablet at three in the morning. He would occasionally glance at the slumbering man lying next to him. Even in sleep, his eyes were tense and he looked stressed. Will shook his head. He had to do something, because him doing nothing sure as hell wasn't working. Hannibal, as much as he loved him, was absolutely ridiculous, and you would think that Will would have figured that out by now, but it still somehow surprised him. The man had been bending over backwards to make sure Will was happy, and while, initially, Will had thought it sweet and a little funny, given their history, he was now exasperated at the other man's disregard for his own happiness.

Will knew exactly what had prompted the other man to start this obsession with Will's happiness. Hannibal was terrified of Will leaving again, and no matter how many times Will would express his desire to stay right by the cannibal's side and happily murder with him, he would always look warily at him when he thought Will wasn't looking. Not to mention the nightmares. Unlike Will, who often made loud sounds when having a nightmare, Hannibal was quiet, unnaturally so. The only way Will could honestly tell he was having a horrible dream were the soft whimpers that would escape. Then, he would jerk awake and frantically look around until he saw Will, which would lead to him breathing deeply and falling back into a fitful sleep.

It was after one such occasion that had Will awake and looking for something that could help. He honestly had no idea what he was looking for. He tried just looking up stress relief, but that led him to a ton of suggestions that ranged from ads trying to sell him things to meditation and other things. Frankly, he was overwhelmed. He wasn't the therapist, he had no idea to go about these things. He went through pages and pages of stress relief activities,

making note that some of them sounded like a good idea, when he came across something that caught his eye.

In bold capital letters the phrase age play stood out to him. He furrowed his brow, trying to figure out what the hell it could be. He tilted his head to the side in what Hannibal called his curious puppy look. He tapped on the link and read through the short but oddly fascinating article. When he was finished, his curiosity had been peaked. So, he turned on the incognito tab in the tablet's browser and read through page after page after page about it. He was surprised to see that some of it was sexual and some was not. He also learned that depending on the person, the ages of the "littles" as they were called ranged greatly. He also read several blogs and articles on what exactly a caregiver was and what they did. After a couple of hours, he was positive he had enough information to at least broach the subject with Hannibal. He thought that it would be a wonderful idea.

After all, Hannibal had ended up telling him all about his childhood and how absolutely shitty it was. Will's words not Hannibal's. He thought that the man could benefit from it, if he could convince him that is. Besides, if he didn't like it, Will would never bring it up again. He fell asleep trying to think of ways that he could get the stubborn man to agree to at least try the coping method, tablet in hand.

The next morning Will woke to an empty bed and what smelled like eggs, bacon, and coffee wafting from the kitchen. He groggily sat up, yawning so wide it made his jaw crack. He looked over at the nightstand to see the tablet lying on it face up. He was suddenly much more awake. Had Hannibal seen what he was looking at? If he did then Will never even stood a chance at getting him to agree, and if he were being honest with himself, he partially wanted Hannibal to agree for a selfish reason of his own. He adored taking care of others. Which is why he tended to surround himself with his dogs. He loved giving them everything and doing everything for them, it made him happy.

He picked the tablet up and unlocked it to see that the incognito tab he had had open had shut itself down and cleared the history, due to not being used for a certain amount of time.

He bit his lip, unsure if this was a good thing or not. He looked through the other tabs and saw that nothing had been messed with. While Hannibal had been doing his best to try and respect Will's privacy, trying to show him that he could in fact keep his nose to himself and would for Will, he was still somewhat skeptical.

He quickly rushed through getting ready for the day and ran to the kitchen. His breath caught at the sight of the other man calmly cooking in an apron. While they had been living together for awhile now, Will never could seem to get over how gorgeous he thought the other man looked.

Hannibal, feeling eyes on him, turned around and smiled at Will. "Breakfast is almost done, if you'll have a seat."

Will nodded and mumbled something that sounded half coherent. He tilted his head to the side, trying to figure out whether Hannibal had seen or not. About halfway through the breakfast, Will finally couldn't take it anymore. Knowing he was lacking tact, he blurted out what he was dying to know. "Did you look at the tablet?"

Hannibal calmly finished chewing what he was eating and looked over at Will. "If you are referring to the website that was left open when I went to put it on the nightstand, then yes, I did. However, I didn't read it all the way through, nor did I look further into it."

Will swallowed, knowing what he was about to suggest would either be taken well, or he would become a dish in the near future. "I was thinking that maybe it could possibly be something to try out. You know, as a stress reliever for you."

Hannibal raised his eyebrow and gently placed down his silverware. "And what has brought you to the conclusion that I need a stress reliever at all?"

Will snorted, nearly choking on his food. He shot Hannibal a disbelieving look. "You're kidding me, right?" When all the other man did was purse his lips at him he barked out a laugh. "Have you seen yourself lately? Hannibal, you look exhausted."

Hannibal's jaw clenched. "What makes you think that this will help me?"

Will shifted a little, knowing that whatever he would say right this minute is what would either win him the argument or make Hannibal rebel at the very idea. He spoke lowly, soothingly, knowing that the point he was about to make would hurt a little. "I just think it would be nice for you to get another chance at childhood."

Hannibal's eyes flashed, instantly being able to see what Will was thinly alluding to. He bared his teeth. "I think it is entirely unnecessary."

Will shook his head. "Won't you at least attempt it? Who knows maybe you'll enjoy yourself."

Hannibal shook his head. "I highly doubt that. I am absolutely sure it will be a loathsome experience, but tell me Will, why do you want this so badly?"

Will flushed slightly. He should have known that the other man would pick up on his own eagerness. "You know why."

Hannibal pursed his lips. He did indeed know why. The alarming amount of dogs Will had had would attest to the other man's need to be needed. However, Hannibal was adamant. This would be a useless endeavor. He opened his mouth to tell his partner so when he caught sight of how hopeful Will looked.

He sighed deeply. He never could deny Will when he looked at him like that. "Fine. Once, we will try it once, and then it will never be spoken of again. Am I understood?"

At Will's happy nod, Hannibal shook his head. He still thought it sounded awful. What in the world was Will thinking. What on God's green earth made him think that Hannibal would ever desire to be humiliated in such a way, and if he hadn't loved the other man so much, he would've strangled him for even suggesting it. Though, if he was being honest with himself, which he most assuredly was not thank you very much, it did somewhat sound nice, not having to worry about anything. Just letting Will take care of him for once, instead of the other way around.

He shook his head. No. He was still absolutely determined that he would hate the entire experience. Once he let Will get this out of his system, they would never speak of this ever again.

Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

Hannibal and Will cannot seem to figure out a groove into age play, but Will might have an idea.

Chapter Notes

I am so sorry!!! I had planned out exactly how I wanted to continue and come next, but then I got side tracked and completely forgot everything I had planned! Then, I got a block on how I wanted to continue. However, I appear to be back on track (for now). I apologize that this chapter is so short! But I am hoping to have the next one up fairly soon! (Famous last words) Anyways, please enjoy the fruits of my insomnia!

It had been a couple of days since Will had brought up age play to Hannibal, and he had hoped that the other man had forgotten about it. His hope, however, did not last. He cautiously approached Will as he sat nervously in his office. "What is troubling you, my dear. Perhaps, I can be of assistance?"

Will shook his head. "I was thinking maybe we could try out playing tonight?"

Hannibal tensed instantly, knowing exactly what Will meant by 'playing'. He swallowed, trying not to show how uncomfortable he was with the idea. However, he did tell Will he would try it at least once, and he was a man of his word. He nodded. "Of course." He shifted, unnoticeable to anyone but Will.

Will tilted his head to the side. "We don't have to try it, if you really don't think you'll like it."

Hannibal sighed softly. "Will, you want to try it. I already agreed. Besides, you did tell me if I didn't like it we wouldn't have to do it again, correct?"

Will nodded. "Of course. If you don't like it I'll never bring it up again."

Hannibal tilted his head in agreement. "Tonight then."

Several hours later, after dinner, Hannibal followed Will into their bedroom, not entirely sure what was going to happen. However, he knew he would do anything for Will. Though, a part of him thought it would be nice. He balked, however, at the thought of being so vulnerable in front of anyone, even Will.

Will bit his lip once he got to the bedroom. He had read about what he was supposed to do, but doing it in practice was a lot different than reading about it and he couldn't help but feel a little awkward. After all, the man in front of him had killed countless amounts of people, yet Will still thought Age play might be helpful for him in the long run. Hannibal could use someone taking care of him for once.

Hannibal stood right inside the door, waiting for Will to tell him what he was supposed to do. Will, after all, was the one who had read about it and done all the research. He stared at him expectantly, not letting the dread he felt show on his face.

Will gestured to Hannibal. "You're a little overdressed for this. Perhaps you should change into more casual clothes?"

Hannibal frowned and looked down at the suit he was wearing. Will had a point. If he was supposed to get into the head space of a child, well, children didn't usually wear suits did they? He sighed deeply, but wordlessly got changed into the most casual clothes he had. Which were a pair of sweats and a white undershirt. He didn't really do casual all that often, instead preferring the armor of his suits.

With that done, he again looked expectantly at Will and raised an eyebrow. "Now what?"

Will shifted. This was a lot harder than he initially thought. He was panicking a little on the inside, not sure where to go with this. Then it hit him, he should treat Hannibal as he intended to when they played. He didn't know if that was what he was supposed to do, but they both enjoyed being thrown into the deep end of things, so he might as well start as he meant to go on. Perhaps he would succeed, or maybe Hannibal would kill him. Either way, at least he tried.

Chapter 18

Chapter Summary

> Will decides to take the lead, and go as he intends to continue. Hannibal is surprised by the results.

Chapter Notes

> Thank you for the support! It is greatly appreciated and helps so much. I have a clear plan with where this is going, again. The flashback is going to last a few more chapters! Anyways, I hope you enjoy it!

Will took a deep breath, knowing this would either end good or end horribly. "Alright, Sweetheart, this is what we're going to do." His tone was soft, meant to be soothing.

Hannibal raised his eyebrow. Will had never called him anything other than 'Hannibal' or 'Dr. Lecter'. It did make sense though, if Hannibal was going to play the part, then Will had to as well. He grimaced at the thought of having to refer to the man as 'Daddy' or something equally as humiliating. He gave a short nod, when it appeared that Will wasn't going to continue.

Will motioned to the bed. "We're going to lie down before we go to sleep. Okay?"

Hannibal swallowed hard but nodded, again. Despite his best effort, the tone Will was speaking in was starting to affect him. When Will took his hand, he followed, trying his hardest to fight his instinct, which was to rip his hand from Will's grip. He wasn't accustomed to another person taking the lead, unless he was allowing them to do so for his own personal gain.

Will pulled Hannibal down onto the bed with him, pulling him to his chest. He felt his husband immediately tense. Usually, if they were so inclined, when they lied on the bed together, Hannibal was always the one that held Will. He was the one to always offer comfort after a nightmare or a hard day. Therefore, Will felt it was fair that he was the one doing the holding and comforting for once.

Hannibal felt deeply uncomfortable. He wasn't used to feeling weak in front of anyone, but, he supposed, if he had to feel weak in front of anyone, he was glad it was Will. He nearly jumped at the feeling of fingers softly carding through his hair. No matter how hard he tried

to fight it, he slowed relaxed little by little, soothed by Will's soft touch. He let out a soft sound from the back of his throat, melting into the comforting touch of his partner.

Will smiled happily as he felt his husband relax due to his ministrations. "See, lamb? I'll keep you safe. Nothing is going to happen to you while I'm around. Now, why don't we just go to sleep, hmm?"

Hannibal burrowed into Will, inhaling his scent. He let out a soft whine at the thought of Will keeping him safe. He didn't even remember the last time someone had promised to protect him. He found the idea more acceptable than he ever thought he could. Perhaps, Will actually would keep him safe. He knew the man loved him. However, he always assumed he loved him for the fact that Hannibal was strong, and could shelter him from the nightmares in his mind. He never thought the other man would actually wish to reciprocate.

Will hummed softly. "Does sleep sound good to you, lamb?"

Hannibal's insides warmed at the endearment. There was something so innocent and peaceful being referred to in such a way. Hannibal didn't have much warmth and innocence in his life. He let out a grunt, and nodded. Sleep sounded wonderful.

Will smiled softly. This was already proving to work better than he had been anticipating.

Hannibal woke up the next morning with a deep feeling of embarrassment as the previous nights events came flooding back to him. However, as quick as the embarrassment came, it left. Will had been the one to suggest it, and not only that, it was always Hannibal's belief that if something worked and was enjoyable, there was no need for embarrassment or regret. As, he had told Will when he first met him, there was nothing for people like them to feel bad about.

He got up and started getting breakfast ready, knowing the smell would awaken Will. He still felt the head space of the previous night lingering in the back of his mind. It gave him pause. He wondered what would happen if he just accepted it and let it grow. Surely, it would prove to be interesting, and besides, isn't that what Will wanted? For him to get another childhood and let the other man take care of him.

He pursed his lips in thought. He wondered how far he would go if he allowed himself to delve into this new head space. If he allowed himself to lose himself too much that could prove inconvenient. He wouldn't want to burden Will with more than he had bargained for. It just wouldn't do for him to get Will after so long, just to have him leave him over something that Will had suggested but Hannibal had taken too far. He nodded decisively. He would continue trying, for Will's sake, of course, and his own curiosity.

When Will came into the kitchen, half asleep still, searching for coffee, Hannibal grinned predatorily at him. "William."

Will blinked over at him, now with a cup of coffee in his hands. "Huh?"

Hannibal put the plates of finished breakfast on the counter and sat beside his husband. "Were the results of us trying playing last night satisfactory to you?"

Will took a deep breath, taking a gulp of his drink, trying to get his sluggish brain to figure out what Hannibal was saying so early in the morning. "Yes, I thought it worked well. You seem a lot more well rested. Did you like it?"

Hannibal nodded. "I found it enlightening. I thought perhaps you could be persuaded to try it again."

Will blinked but nodded. "Of course. Whenever you want, Hannibal. I think we could both benefit from it."

Hannibal nodded shortly, thinking he thought much the same thing. It would prove interesting.

Chapter 19

Chapter Summary

Hannibal thinks he has their next play time all planned out, however, he didn't calculate it properly.

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for the comments and kudos! I apologize if this is a little scatter brained! It kind of generated a mind of its own! I think I'm going to finish the flashback here in the next chapter. I hope. Unless, it leaves again! Anyways, I hope you enjoy it!

About a week later, Hannibal had created a few theories on how he thought the next time they played would go. He also planned exactly how the scenario was going to go, how he was going to get Will to go in the direction that he wanted, and how he was going to react even if Will threw him into something unexpected. However, he had seriously miscalculated one thing. Will's effect on him. He never could seem to take into account how deeply Will effected him. Thus, Will had somehow talked him into trying to continuously play for an entire weekend, without a break. Something about them going straight into the deep end, which he agreed with completely. He was all for skipping the irritating baby steps and just throwing them into the place he wanted them to be in the end.

Hannibal was sitting on the edge of the bed, waiting for Will. Apparently, the other man had bought some things for their weekend of play, which included clothes. He was a little wary of what Will had picked out, knowing the man's fashion sense. However, he was appeased at the thought that the other man also knew him very well, both inside and out, and would know what he would consider outlandish. A thought that was quickly thrown out of his mind when Will himself walked in with, what he assumed he was to wear, behind his back, looking abashed.

Will was slightly nervous, looking at Hannibal staring at him. He knew that he hadn't done a terrible job. Out of the clothes he had looked at on the website he had been on, he had picked clothing choices that weren't too childish, just enough that wouldn't be considered normal in public. Which, he thought, would be perfect. Given, Hannibal was still very prideful and wouldn't appreciate some of the more babyish choices he had seen. Even if he thought Hannibal would look adorable in them.

When he noticed Hannibal was looking at him slightly hesitant, he decided to do what he had done last time. Act as he planned to go on. He took a deep breath. At least this time, he knew

Hannibal wouldn't kill him. "Alright, lamb. We're going to get you changed into more comfortable clothes, and then I have a gift for you. Won't that be nice?"

Hannibal shifted. He couldn't seem to fight the effect of Will's voice, just like last time. There was something so comforting when Will spoke to him like he was fragile. It made him feel small. He tried to fight against the feeling, wanting to test his theories, and knowing he needed control of the situation in order to do that. However, he felt the desired control slip away from him the harder he fought for it. Will was just looking at him so soft, like he was an actual child. Then, it dawned on him, Will had asked him a question. A gift. Will had said he had gotten him a gift. He hadn't gotten a gift, an actual heart felt gift, in so very long. A part of him couldn't help but feel childishly delighted at the idea. He nodded eagerly.

Will smiled softly. "Wonderful. Do you want to change yourself, or do you want me to do it?"

Hannibal was grateful for the choice, because if he had to allow Will to dress him, then he might call off the whole thing merely due to the embarrassment. "I would like to do it."

Will nodded and let a little bit of his southern drawl come out, wondering how it would effect his husband, when he could see he was already sinking into a younger head space. "Okay, Darlin'. You can do it." He handed him the clothes. "I'll go grab your gift and be right back. Will you be okay by yourself for a minute?"

Hannibal frowned, feeling as if Will was mocking him. However, he also knew that it was far from the truth. Will had been nothing but indulgent and kind, during this entire experiment. Plus, he could honestly understand why the man had asked him. A part of him didn't want Will to leave him alone. It was ridiculous, but just Will's voice had pushed him so far. He swallowed, deeply uncomfortable that Will could effect him so much. However, he also knew that Will wouldn't use it against him. "I'll be fine."

Will nodded. "I'll be right back, Sweetheart." With that he was gone.

Hannibal waited until he couldn't hear Will's footsteps any longer before started to get changed. He wrinkled his nose at the clothes that had been picked out for him. Granted, they weren't as bad as they could be, he supposed, but he still didn't see why they couldn't do this while he was wearing his usual clothes.

Once he was done changing, he looked at himself in the mirror. He saw himself with black sweats on with a dog on them he couldn't identify, definitely Will's taste. He also had on a dark green t shirt, with thankfully no design on it. He blinked, feeling smaller already, just because Will had picked out something for him to wear. No one had done that since he was a child.

Suddenly he panicked. Where was Will? Why had Will left him? Where had he gone? He shook his head. He was an adult. He was a doctor. The damn Chesapeake Rippers, for God's sake. However, he had, unknown to him, already slipped into little space.

He was trying desperately to remember what exactly Will had said. He said he was coming back. Didn't he? He wouldn't leave him without telling him first. Or would he? Maybe he had enough of him? He suddenly couldn't breath. Will left him again. He was positive of it. He

was too much, and Will couldn't deal with it anymore. He knew this age play would be an awful idea.

So in his own head, Hannibal hadn't even heard Will walk in. He did however notice a hand pulling him up, and when had he ended up sitting on the ground? He looked up at Will, and quickly latched onto him. He had come back. He didn't leave him forever.

Will was desperately trying to calm his husband down. He had no idea what had happened. He had been fine when he left him. Then it hit him. From the research he had done, it appeared like Hannibal had slipped into the head space they had been aiming for. However, he had done it while Will was out of the room. Suddenly, Will knew exactly what happened. Thanking God for his empathy, or else it might have taken him a lot longer to figure out what was causing his little husband's distress.

He led Hannibal over to the bed, lying down and pulling his partner with him into his chest. "It's alright, love. I'm not going anywhere. I'm right here."

Hannibal inhaled deeply, burrowing into Will's neck. He whimpered softly, still feeling the panic of thinking Will had abandoned him. As he slowly starting calming, he felt disgust curl into him. He could not believe that he had made such a fool of himself. Right as he was about to pull away, Will tightened his hold on him, making soft soothing sounds.

Will knew exactly what his husband was thinking. "There's no reason to be upset, lamb. No need to feel embarrassed. Just let me keep you safe. I'll take care of you. Doesn't that sound nice? Don't you want me to take care of you? Keep you safe?"

Hannibal drew a sharp breath, melting inside. He did want that. He didn't remember anyone wanting to take care of him before Will came into his life. He nodded vigorously, already sinking again.

Will smiled softly. "Oh. I almost forgot. Do you want your present, love?"

Hannibal gasped quietly. He had forgotten. Will had gotten him something. Something just for him. "Yes, please!"

Will melted at the eager exclamation. Hannibal was finally letting himself go. "My little one has such good manners. Alright, lamb. Close your eyes."

Hannibal shifted a little but closed his eyes. Suddenly, he felt something soft placed into his hands. After hearing Will tell him he could open his eyes, he looked down and gasped softly. In his hands was a soft dark brown stuffed stag. He clutched it to his chest, looking at Will like he had never seen him before.

Will shifted slighty, suddenly unsure how his gift would be received. "Do you like it?"

Hannibal launched himself at Will, hugging him tightly. "I love it, Daddy!" Then it dawned on him what he said and he jerked back, positive that Will would not tolerate him calling him such. Even if it was his idea. He closed his eyes, sure he had made a big mistake.

Chapter 20

Chapter Summary

> Will assures Hannibal that he is not upset at him. However, they quickly hit some unforeseen snags.

Chapter Notes

> I have to apologize yet again! I thought this chapter would be the end of the flashback, but the story once again took a mind of its own. It was not my intention for it to go this way... However, here it is. I also apologize for it taking me so long to post another chapter. Anyways, please enjoy!

Will was surprised at how Hannibal had addressed him, however he wasn't bothered in the least bit. Feeling his husband tense and flinch the second the word had come out of his mouth, he quickly tightened his arms around him. He wanted to establish right away that there would be nothing that Hannibal could say or do that would bother him. At least, not anymore.

Will started making soothing sounds, trying to get the other man to calm down. Once he felt Hannibal had calmed enough, he pulled him back slightly so he could look at him. "It's alright, lamb. Daddy isn't upset." He smiled at the bewildered look on the other man's face. "Do you have a name for your toy yet?"

Hannibal blinked at Will, flabbergasted at the fact that the other man just referred to himself with the same childish moniker Hannibal had accidentally called him. It was only when Will started looking concerned did Hannibal remember he had been asked a question. He slowly shook his head. "Not yet."

Will smiled gently, knowing instantly how to get Hannibal out of the shocked state he was in. "Well, how about Bambi?"

Hannibal snapped his head over to look at Will with an offended look on his face. "Bambi?! No! That's a boy's name! She's a girl."

Will smiled as he saw that Hannibal had unconsciously hugged the stag tighter to himself. "Oh, my sincerest apologies. I had no idea she was a girl." He furrowed his brows as if he was thinking hard. "Then, how about Fawn?"

Hannibal shook his head. "Daddy! That's an awful name! She can't be named any so, so ordinary!"

Will nodded, trying not to smile at the what the other man called him again. "You're absolutely right, love. Then, why don't you tell me what her name should be?"

Hannibal looked up at Will and smiled brightly. "Artemis! Her name's Artemis, Daddy." He inhaled sharply and looked over at Will warily, still unsure if it was truly alright for him to be calling Will that.

Will grinned. "That is a lovely name, lamb. I'm sure she's very pleased."

Hannibal tentatively smiled back. "Thank you, Daddy."

Will hugged him tightly again. "You're welcome, Sweetheart. Now, why don't we have some lunch?"

Hannibal quickly put down his new stuffed toy in favor of the idea of food. "That sounds perfect." He got up and made his way to the kitchen, expecting Will to follow.

Will followed Hannibal silently to the kitchen, but when Hannibal went to turn on the stove he quietly asked, "What are you doing, lamb?"

Hannibal looked over at Will curiously, but he did halt his movements. "Making lunch, of course." He was baffled, usually Will would be sitting at the kitchen island by now, content to watch him as he cooked.

Hannibal was only more confused as Will shook his head. "No, Darlin'. Let me make lunch. Why don't you go sit and wait 'til I'm done?"

Hannibal raised his eyebrow at Will. He had been fine with the other man taking the lead, until now, that is. He narrowed his eyes. He didn't recall seeing Will in the kitchen at any point. "Do you even know how to cook?"

Now it was Will's turn to raise his eyebrow. "Yes, as a matter of fact, I do. Now, go sit at the kitchen island while Daddy makes lunch."

Hannibal took a deep breath. He could feel himself wanting to give in to Will, but at the same time he had no desire to eat whatever Will would make. He wasn't the least bit confident in the other man's cooking abilities. "While, I appreciate the thought. I think it would be better if I did this myself. I am the superior chef, after all."

Will shook his head. "No, love." When Hannibal looked like he was going to continue arguing, Will quickly cut him off. "Hannibal you're arguing with Daddy. Do you think that's polite?"

Hannibal shifted slightly, deeply uncomfortable. If there was anything he disliked the most, it was being accused of being rude. That and the tone of Will's voice was making him feel smaller and smaller.

Will cleared his throat, making Hannibal look up at him. "Well?"

Hannibal bit his lip softly and deflated, letting out a deep sigh. "No, Daddy."

Will nodded. "That's right, lamb. It's not polite at all. Now, go sit. It'll only take a couple of minutes."

Hannibal frowned but went over and did as he was told. Though, he did keep a careful eye on Will, making sure he wouldn't completely destroy his precious kitchen. He let out a sigh of relief, when he saw that Will was just making some sandwiches.

Once lunch was made and consumed, Will brought Hannibal to the living room. He sat them both on the couch, facing each other with a notebook full of paper on the table in front of them.

Hannibal looked curiously at the notebook. "What are we doing?"

Will took a deep breath. "I think we should set up some ground rules for when we play." He had thought about it before they had started, but he wanted Hannibal to be a bit more comfortable in his role before he had brought it up.

Hannibal's face darkened considerably. In a dangerously low voice, he growled, "Is that so?"

Will tensed, knowing instantly that if he didn't tread carefully he would have a very angry cannibal on his hands, and that wasn't something he felt particularly inclined to deal with.

Chapter 21

Chapter Summary

Will lays down the rules for Little, who takes them gracefully for the most part, except for two...

Chapter Notes

First of all, I AM SO SORRY!! I know I have updated this in awhile. I had horrible writer's block! But please enjoy the fruits of my struggles!

Will tensed, knowing instantly that if he didn't tread carefully he would have a very angry cannibal on his hands, and that wasn't something he felt particularly inclined to deal with.

Will took a deep breath. He intended to just do what he had been doing, continue as he meant to go on. "Yes, Hannibal, that is so. I think it's necessary for you to have rules while you're little. Don't you agree?"

Hannibal wanted desperately not to agree; however, the adult part of his mind knew that Will had a point. He clenched his teeth but nodded. “I agree.”

Will smiled. “Alright, then. Here is what’s going to happen, I’m going to suggest a rule, and I want you to write it down.” He smirked. “You write more legible than I do anyways.”

Hannibal chuckled. “That I do.” He grabbed the pen and notebook, placing them on his lap. “You may proceed.”

Will grinned. “Of course.” He nodded at the paper and let his voice take on the tone he had been using while Hannibal was little. “First one, when Daddy tells you to do something, I want you to do it, without arguing. It isn’t polite, and we don’t want to be rude, do we?”

Hannibal shook his head. Will’s tone having once again pushed him to a smaller mindset. “No, Daddy.”

Will nodded. “Alright, lamb. Then, write it down for Daddy.” He waited patiently until Hannibal was done. They went through the next several rules this way. Will quickly found that if he explained the logic behind the rule, Hannibal would accept it easier.

After several minutes, Will was almost happy with what they had written down. However, he saved the hardest for last, knowing the other man wasn't going to accept what he was about to suggest easily, whether it was logical or not. He took a deep breath, preparing himself for the upcoming battle.

Hannibal had his head tilted to the side in curiosity. While Will had pushed him into head space with the conversation, he knew Will well and thus, could tell when he was nervous. Therefore, he knew that whatever the man was going to say he probably wouldn't like. He unconsciously found himself bracing for whatever was about to happen.

Will smiled gently at his partner. "Alright, Darlin'. Daddy just has two more rules to write down. Okay?"

Hannibal nodded reluctantly. "What are they, Daddy?"

Will took one more fortifying breath. "I don't want you in the pantry when you're feeling little. You could get hurt. I know you're not an actual child, but I also know you don't think the same as when you're big."

Hannibal's eyes hardened momentarily, however, he could see Will's point. He probably didn't have all his mental facilities necessary to do work in the pantry when he was little. After all, he might ruin some of the meat, and that would be a shame. He stiffly nodded and wrote it down. He was even more reluctant now, though. Will had said two, and he knew that he had probably saved the worst one for last.

"Last one, Sweetheart. I don't want you in the kitchen without Daddy to accompany you." Will was watching the other man carefully, just in case the man decided to stab him again. He knew that messing with his beloved kitchen might cause some level of distress and quite possibly danger.

Hannibal froze. He took a deep breath and closed his eyes. "Pardon me? I don't think I heard you correctly." Before Will could get a word out, Hannibal quickly continued, raising his voice slightly. "You want to disallow me access to my own kitchen, where I make the majority of our meals."

Will shook his head, not at all surprised that this would seem like the end of the world to the other man. "Only while you're little Hannibal. It's not like I'm asking to supervise you at all times."

Hannibal shook his head. "What do you propose we eat in that duration then?"

Will chuckled slightly. "I feel just the slightest bit insulted that you think that I can't feed us for a couple days."

Hannibal frowned. He hadn't meant to make the other man think that he thought him to be incompetent. He knew the other man could provide for himself. He was just accustomed to eating a certain way, and he didn't think that Will could adhere to his standards. "I didn't mean it that way. I know you are fully capable of caring for us for a couple days. I just prefer my own cooking is all. You know I'm very careful about what I put in my body."

Will nodded. "Alright, how about we compromise? You can start giving me cooking lessons. Then when we play, you'll have taught me a little more. Does this sound like and acceptable compromise?"

Hannibal looked at him suspiciously. "You'll let me give you cooking lessons?" Will nodded. "But I still won't be allowed in my kitchen when we're playing, without you?"

Will shook his head, letting the man come to his own conclusions. Either way he was going to insist he not go to the kitchen by himself when he wasn't big.

Hannibal pursed his lips and nodded. "Fine. However, you better not complain when I teach you some of the more complicated dishes."

Will raised his hand in the universal 'I surrender' gesture. "You won't hear a peep from me." He nodded to the paper. "Did you write down the last one, lamb?"

Hannibal shook his head, willingly let his brain go back to the comforting haze of being small. "No, Daddy, but I'll do it now." He gave him a slight glare. "Even if I don't like it."

Will grinned. "You don't have to like it, love. You just have to obey them. Now, where should we put the rules?"

Hannibal bit his lip. "In the bedroom? By the bed, so I can wake up an see them?"

Will smiled gently. "I think that's a wonderful idea, lamb."

Chapter 22

Chapter Notes

> This will be last chapter of this fic, but I will still be posting one shots. I will give a warning, this chapter involves discussions of diaper wearing, and Hannibal not being given a choice about said diapers.

Hannibal was finally settling a little more into his role and starting to feel more comfortable with allowing Will to see him more vulnerable. In turn, he started to slip deeper and deeper into little space the more he and Will played. Which led to this particular night. He was deeper in little space than he had ever been, and fell asleep rather content, curled up again Will with his thumb firmly planted in his mouth, though he would completely deny it come morning.

However, with being deeper in little space came the added consequence of more vulnerability, which carried its own consequence of anxiety and fear. Fears that he never allowed himself to worry over when he was big, and when he was little, Will was always there to distract him. There was nothing to protect him while he was sleeping, though.

His brow furrowed in his sleep, and he let out little whimpers. In his dream, he was fully little, and Will was walking away. No matter how fast he tried to run, he couldn't seem to catch up to him. Fear curled around Hannibal like a cloying fog. It was nearly choking him. What was he supposed to do without Will? Especially now that he turned him into this, this thing that needed him for every little thing. That needed him like a dying man in the desert needed to see an oasis just before he died so he could feel some hope and comfort before the life faded from his eyes.

He tried to yell for Will to stop as he started fading from his vision, being too far ahead now for Hannibal to hope to catch up to him, even though he ran as hard as he could. However, his eyes widened, as no sound would come out. He opened his mouth to scream, but he was met with only silence. He quickly started clawing at his throat while trying to yell, getting more and more desperate as he could not produce even the smallest of sounds. He started to hyperventilate as Will moved even farther from him, disappearing into the darkness.

Suddenly he fell, his limbs no longer working, dragging him to the ground. He struggled to get back to his feet, but every time he got even remotely close, he just crashed back down to his hands and knees, his legs not being able to support him suddenly. He started crawling, knowing instinctively he couldn't stay here. He needed to find Will. But his body wasn't cooperating anymore. It was like he was frozen, all of his limbs stuck in place, unable to move despite his urgency.

Then, when he thought he could stoop no lower, when he was sure that this was the worst thing to come, he lost control of his bladder. He looked down in horror as he watched a wet spot grow on the front of his pants. He hadn't even known nor felt the urge, but there was the proof staring at him.

It was odd though, even as he watched the wet spot expand and then pool beneath his knees, he felt it behind him, underneath his butt even some making its way to slightly wet his back. He couldn't make sense of it. Then he heard a sound he was positive he would never get to hear again. It was Will. He had come back for him. He looked around but he couldn't see him. He could only hear him calling his name.

Suddenly, panicked filled him. He didn't want Will to see him like this. He tried to tell Will to stay where he was, to not look at him, to not see the disgrace he had made of himself, but he still could not force sound to come from out his throat, even as the sound of Will's voice got louder and closer.

He was frantically looking around for Will, in hopes of somehow being able to explain, but he still only saw the never-ending darkness. Will's voice now sounded right next to him, calling his name once more. His eyes snapped open. He blinked a few times and looked over at Will, who was kneeling next to him in bed, a concerned look on his face.

Will smiled gently. "You were having a nightmare, making these little choked sounds. I thought it best to wake you."

Hannibal went to open his mouth to tell Will his concern was appreciated, but he froze. He shifted and felt it. Wetness. All around him. It wasn't just in his dream. He intended to ask Will to please give him a moment. Or to ask if Will could leave for a moment to allow him to gather his bearings. However, between going to sleep so little, the awful nightmare, and the humiliation of having just wet the bed, his intention fell flat. He was still too close to little space. When he looked at Will and saw nothing but loving concern, he immediately burst into loud sobs. Somewhere in his mind, his adult self was raging at his weakness. But he couldn't have cared less at the moment. He was confused, he was tired, and he just wanted comfort. Comfort he knew Will would provide him with.

Will immediately sprang into action, quickly gathering up his husband in his arms and cradling him to his chest, with Hannibal's head pressed against his shoulder. He cooed softly, "Oh no, lamb. It's okay. It was just a bad dream. Daddy's here."

Hannibal shook his head, sobs racking his body. "I- I'm soorrryyy." He wailed.

Will was confused. He knew even little Hannibal should know by now that he was not going to get mad at him over a nightmare. He got them frequently himself. "Why are you sorry, darlin'?"

Hannibal shook his head even more violently. "Did didn't mean to."

Will's brows furrowed. He was about to ask again but froze at the feeling of his cold wetness soaking his pants at his knees. It hit him with startling clarity. Hannibal must have wet the bed. He immediately felt terrible for his little man, While Hannibal had been getting better

about his little tendencies, Will knew this would be a step too far for the other man. However, Will had no intentions of letting him spiral. So, he smiled gently, not entirely sure Hannibal could see him in the dark and lightly said, “We’ve had a little accident. That’s okay. Here, let Daddy help you with that, honey.” As if Hannibal pissed the bed every night.

Hannibal felt his own eyes widen. He couldn’t believe his ears. Will wasn’t mad. He wasn’t leaving him. He wasn’t even blaming him. He was simply offering him help and comfort, like this was some small inconsequential thing, like Hannibal dropping something and breaking it because he didn’t have the best motor functions while little.

He gently took his hand, almost afraid that Will was going to pull back and mock him at any moment. He was silent as Will helped him to the bathroom and cleaned him up. He couldn’t help but flinch and let out a small whine, though, when he saw Will pull out a package of diapers. He shook his head and backed away. Apparently, he had been wrong in his assumption that Will wasn’t mad at him. “But but, I said I s sorry.”

Will frowned but didn’t move closer nor did he put down the package, though. “I know, sugar. Daddy isn’t mad at you.”

Hannibal was skeptical as he looked again at what Will was holding in his hands. “But I didn’t mean to. Won’t do it ‘gain.”

Will walked closer to Hannibal, his free hand outstretched like he was approaching a spooked animal. “I know you didn’t, hun.”

Hannibal bit his bottom lip, looking at Will hopefully. “Not have to wear them, then?”

Will shook his head, “I’m afraid it’s non-negotiable.”

Hannibal’s face fell. “But didn’t do it on purpose and I sorry. Not forgive me?”

Will stopped short. “Oh, sweetheart. There’s nothing to forgive. Accidents happen. Daddy will hardly hold it against you. These aren’t punishment,”

Hannibal shook his head, not quite believing him, “But it’s ‘cause I wet bed.”

Will sighed and nodded. He had to give Hannibal that much. “You are correct, technically. But it’s not because Daddy is punishing you. Daddy will never punish you for an accident. It’s just for in case it happens again, so you won’t be as uncomfortable.” On seeing Hannibal’s hesitance, he quickly reassured him. “If you truly can’t stand them, then you don’t have to wear them. But Daddy insists you at least try them, and you won’t have to wear them unless you’re sleeping. Deal?”

Hannibal shifted. He didn’t want to wear them full stop, but he knew Will wouldn’t give up any time soon. He sighed but nodded. “Okay, Daddy.”

Will smiled and led him to the bedroom by his hand. He gestured for Hannibal to lie down on the bed, “This will be over before you know it, I promise.”

Hannibal blushed and buried his face in his hands, He may still be little, but he was still far too embarrassed to face Will while he was diapering him. He still wouldn't move his hands from his face even after Will declared him 'all done'.

Will smiled sadly at his little one, his face firmly buried in his hands, making sure Will couldn't see his surely blushing face. He crawled into bed next to him, pulling Hannibal to his chest so they were flush against each other with Hannibal acting as little spoon. "Why don't we try to go back to sleep, hm? No more nightmares this time."

Hannibal nodded shyly, pushing further back against Will and curling up, tightly clutching Artemis. He wasn't overly thrilled with the diaper, but now that it was secured against him, it did make him feel a little more secure, knowing that if he did have a nightmare again that nothing would come of it. And even if something did, it helped remind him that Will would still be there, no matter what he did. His Daddy would always be there to provide comfort and safety. And really that was all Hannibal could ask for at the end of the day. So, with thumb tucked into his mouth, curled against Will with the other man's arm around him, bracketing him against him, and still holding tight to Artemis, he drifted off into a peaceful sleep, dreaming of softness that he would never have even thought possible had it not been for Will.

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